

# ROD AND STREAM

A party of anglers was at the 12th street wharf one day this week, saw hundreds of big rockfish landed from a lighter and promptly caught the fishing fever. Some of them made anxious inquiries as to the places where the fish were caught, while others were anxious to learn of the likelihood of such fish taking bait at this season.

"Certainly they'll take bait," said one of the colored fishermen who accompanied a cargo from the lower river.

"Anybody knows that fish will take bait when they are running," he added. "And when you get one of these fellows on your hook you sure know you've got something."

The colored fisherman admitted he had done no hook and line fishing this season, but said he was certain that the big rockfish would take the bait—bloodworms, soft crabs or herring gills.

"And you wouldn't have to go way down the river to find the big rockfish," he told the interested sportsmen. "I took particular notice on the way to the city and am sure that some of the fish are this side of Alexandria, possibly as near as the steel plant."

Large shipments of rockfish from the lower river were received Wednesday morning. They included fish of various sizes from one to fifteen pounds, almost as large as William White's prize rockfish caught in District Waters last season.

Receipts of shipments of soft crabs from the south and the catching of a few white perch in the nearby waters of the Potomac last week were of deep interest to the several thousand enthusiasts in this city who are anxious to wet their lines.

"If the crabs would only make greater headway in the matter of growth," remarked Hugh A. Kane, "anglers would be satisfied to pay the prices dealers are asking for them. Soft crabs and peelers unquestionably furnish the most attractive bait for the perch, though the fish will take ordinary worms and bloodworms, and some sportsmen say the larger perch seem to prefer minnows."

"Spiders" is what anglers term the soft crabs that are to be had at this season. They are brought here from the Carolinas, it is stated, and some dealers offered them at 75 cents a dozen this week.

Hard crabs are not to be overlooked at this season," commented Mack Sparrough, one of the most enthusiastic of the local sportsmen.

"They are much larger than the soft crabs and furnish just as good bait," he added. "The great trouble is that anglers do not seem to understand the knack of preparing such bait, but once they learn they will never forget."

Several small shipments of hard crabs have been received from Old Point, Va., this season. It is said that they were in fairly good condition. Dealers sold them at the rate of 50 cents a dozen. Bloodworms are plentiful.

The question as to the place that fish are most likely to be found at this season is the all important one to

anglers. White perch have been caught in small numbers during the past two weeks, it is stated, and some catches of large yellow perch are reported to have been made.

Anglers fully realize that the perch and rockfish make their way to the vicinity of Chain bridge, the head of tidewater, to spawn, and that they usually are able to get them there. Rockfish and shad, however, do not stop at the head of tidewater, finding it possible to get as far up the river as Great Falls.

There are numerous points near the city, it is stated, where good fishing is to be had from time to time. During the past week, it is reported, some surprisingly large bunches of perch, both white and yellow, were caught near the south end of Highway bridge.

"It was near the old Long bridge that we fished as boys," said John H. Taylor, "and made many big catches. At times we fished from the bridge, the second pier from the Virginia end of the bridge being the place where we always expected to make the largest catches."

Perch, sunfish, catfish and eels were the fish that were caught there years ago, said the veteran angler, and he was able to recall what happened to a particular portion of his anatomy when he went home wet and muddy after a prolonged absence that caused much uneasiness to his family.

Austin Savage, captain of the Nut, the latest acquisition to the fleet of line sportsmen this season, made his first trip on the river Sunday morning.

"I was out there about a clock," said the captain, "and had the fish taken the bait with the regularity of the strokes of the engine the boat would not have held the fish."

"But there was too much wind for fishing," he added, "and we abandoned the sport in short order."

Capt. Savage responded to an "S. O. S." call and rescued a launch that was about to be swamped on the flats.

Capt. I. D. Porter and Charlie Porter one day this week went to the vicinity of Fletcher's and tried their luck for perch.

"We had heard so many conflicting yarns about the fish," said Charlie, "that we concluded to go and convince ourselves."

"And we were convinced," he added, pointing to a basket filled with white perch of all sizes—about 200 in all.

Father and son did their fishing in the deep water, using bloodworms and the ordinary anglerworms, and they stated they caught about as many fish on one kind of worms as they did on the other.

There has been no formal selection of a captain for the Grayling, one of the more attractive launches on the river. W. D. Barry and Ward Savage, its owners, being undecided as to their respective marine ability.

Savage, who long has been an enthusiastic angler, has his river experience fit him for the position, but friends of Barry are urging that the one who will be the better captain is the one who is not so apt to spend his time looking for fishing spots while the boat is under way.

Both sportsmen last week spent most of their spare time working on the boat and superintending the work of others, and it is planned to take the first trip of the season early next week. Numerous

friends have accepted invitations to participate in the outing.

"And then for the fishing," remarked Barry.

George W. Wise last week heard reports of white perch being caught in the river between the city and Chain bridge, and one afternoon he took a couple of hours off and tried his luck.

"There were others on the river that afternoon," said Henry Berens, "and some were fishing in the swift water in the channel and some were trying their luck in the shallow water near the shore."

"Wise anchored between two swift currents," he added, "and caught nine-teen big perch."

News of the big catch made by Capt. Porter and his son had the effect of attracting scores of anglers to the vicinity of Fletcher's and Copperthill's Thursday. Frank Davis and Mack Sparrough were on the river long before breakfast, and a catch of 175 perch before noon satisfied them.

In the afternoon Dr. William E. Whitson and John W. Hurley were among those who were on the river for the first time this season. They anchored opposite the sycamore tree, remained three hours and returned with a split basket filled with big perch.

William Wynkoop was on the river the greater part of Thursday. He fished with exceptional success, catching a big perch, and when he left the river he had about sixty pounds of perch.

N. J. Pulliam was another angler who tried the sport single-handed. He landed a string of perch and several Mississippi catfish.

Many large perch were caught this week. Last year, anglers say, the run of such fish was exceptionally small, and the early appearance of the big fish is taken to indicate that the sport this year will be much better than it was last season.

Members of the Shamrock Club have completed arrangements for their annual planked shad dinner on the grounds of the Riverside Rod and Gun Club tomorrow. The home of the club is on Little Hunting creek, between Alexandria and Mount Vernon, where, it is stated, splendid fishing has attracted numerous anglers this season.

Many of those who will participate in the outing will take their fishing paraphernalia with them.

E. C. Coleman, secretary of Columbia Fishing Club, has sent out notices advising members of the oldest club of its kind in this section that the annual shad bake of the club will take place on the Virginia shore of the Potomac Sunday, April 30.

"All that goes to make up a shad bake will be spread before you," the secretary advised the club members, "including rows and rows of roe with a little bacon on the side, and we will have those tantalizingly appetizing buck sausage and mother's lunch appreciated feature of our outings."

It is probable that this year's outing will be the last one held on the Virginia shore.

**ESTABLISHES LAND OFFICE.**

**Alaskan Railroad Engineers Will Settle Questions as to U. S. Property.**

Secretary Lane has announced the establishment of a land and industrial department under the Alaskan engineering commission. Andrew Christensen, formerly chief of the Alaskan field division of the general land office, has been made manager with headquarters at Seward. The new department will have charge of questions relating to public lands along the government railroad.

## HEARD AND SEEN HERE AND THERE.

By Earl Godwin.

If this country should ever be overwhelmed—like Belgium—I don't believe that sympathetic ladies in other lands would conduct tag days and knit socks and do all the things for us that we are doing for the relief of the Belgians. There is no doubt they would want to show their good dispositions and help us all they could. I believe,



Each year the Treasury opens and pours a mellow stream of gold into the Tombigbee for improvement purposes, and each year, in praise of this gracious act of Uncle Sam, Tombigbee Zeke arises in his place on the floor of the House and sings a song of praise, which makes Peter Pan seem flat and stale and weary in the lungs as he pipes the song of Youth at the gates of Dawn. This year the poor and rack-rent Treasury is asked to contribute the little sum of \$35,000 to continue the improvement of the Tombigbee—and the question is asked, naturally, how could such a life-giving stream be improved? How can one paint the lily, or make any appreciable advance on the Tombigbee when Nature has already been so generous?

Tombigbee Candler made no speech this year. Consequently when the item was reached in the rivers and harbors bill Representative Madden rolled a Chicago stone crusher into the House and endeavored to smash the Tombigbee's \$35,000.

"This is an unimportant river," he said with a grin.

"But it is a very beautiful one," suggested Nick Longworth.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Madden. "I have heard Mr. Candler talk about its beauty and how the birds sing along the shore; and how the sun shines and how the birds can look out of the shimmering stream below—in fact, they can see everything except traffic on the river."

At this point Zeke Candler arose in his might and delivered the ultimatum that he had a hundred flags that some one had wished on their mother, and these were to be sold at 1 cent apiece or more.

The boys took up a strong position at 12th and F streets, being most of the time in a candy store, holding up men who took young women in for soda. They were highly successful.

After three hours' work of this sort a man asked Harry what the flags were for, and why.

"We are selling them for the Belgian relief work," said Harry. "They say it only takes 7 cents a day to feed a Belgian, but I don't see how that can be, because I could eat a dollar's worth right now and then be hungry."

And shortly after that his mother came to the rescue, took both boys to that place downtown where all the girls go to lunch. Harry ate a ham sandwich, a chicken sandwich and a chicken salad sandwich, two pieces of pie, all of Denny's milk and then turned in and ate some of his mother's lunch and half of Denny's dessert. The bill for the three was a dollar seventy-five, believe, and Harry was responsible for \$1.50 of this.

Which is why I do not believe any number of tag days would be able to stifle the hunger of a nation of American refugees if such a time as Belgium is having should ever befall us. At least not as long as this young Harry maintains his appetite.

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If it were not for the Tombigbee river I doubt that there would be any light, any sun, any earth, moon or stars. I doubt there would be life itself—were

I to be guided by that worthy congressman from Mississippi whose annual speech on the glories of this stream has not been delivered during this Congress. I refer to Zeke Candler, who is known here as Tombigbee Candler, while the stream itself is now called the Candler Tombigbee. Just how much traffic runs upon the thoroughfare of the Tombigbee's channel I know not—but this I do know—that when Ponce de Leon started out to find the fountain of eternal youth he made a grand mistake by stopping at a Florida summer resort. He should have pushed inland until he reached the Tombigbee.

Representative Kelley of Michigan bought an automobile once, and after

the word "hyacinth" from the rivers and harbors appropriation bill. This remarkable motion was made when the House had stumbled its way to the item of \$20,000 for removing the water hyacinth from certain rivers of Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas.

Representative Miller explained his amendment by saying that it was high time the government saved a little money, and that by removing the water from these southern states it would not be necessary to spend a barrel of money on the streams every year.

It was night. Sweet Mistress Moon was pouring her silvery light over the Green Meadows, the Green Forest and the Smiling Pool. And because it was the beautiful springtime the sweet singers of the Smiling Pool were doing their very best to tell all the Great World how happy they were. Trotting across the Green Meadows came Reddy Fox. He heard the great chorus of voices, the hylas, which are, you know, a kind of little tree toads. The sound seemed to come right out of the water, as indeed they did, but not one of the sweet singers was to be seen.

Peep, peep, peep, peep! Now no longer may that Reddy was so near the singers. But he took no notice of them. In fact, he didn't hear them at all. At least, he didn't know that he heard them. You see, his sharp ears were set to catch the sound of the water, and to Reddy a great deal more interesting than the voices of the singers. He thought you and I wouldn't have called them sweet at all.

"Quack, quack." The voices were very low and still some distance away. Reddy strained his ears. Every few minutes he would catch the sound, and it was coming nearer and nearer. Reddy made himself just as flat as he possibly could behind a little bunch of withered grass and, with eyes shining like stars, he watched the place where the Laughing Brook runs out of the Smiling Pool. Every time he heard those voices a little thrill ran over him from the root of his tail to the tip of his nose.

He was so eager that it was hard to be patient, but Reddy knew that a hunter without patience seldom gets anything, and so he lay without moving, his eyes fixed on the Black Shadows that lay across the place where the Laughing Brook runs out of the Smiling Pool. It seemed to him that he had been there hours, though, of course, he hadn't, when he saw a little shadowy figure in the middle of the Black Shadows, and then another. Nearer and nearer came those silvery lines, and then at last out into the Smiling Pool and into the moonlight swam two big birds. One was in sober brown, but the other was very handsome. They were Mrs. Quack and Mr. Quack. Reddy wriggled all over with excitement.

**Refuse in the Streets.**

To the Editor of The Star:

If a man should build a windmill in the middle of the street, where every one could see it and where every horse that passed it would be likely to start a runaway, on the looks of the thing, in less than an hour's time there would be a hundred complaints registered at the District building against that mill as a nuisance to the traveling public. Great as a nuisance of this kind would be it is not one-tenth as bad as that which does exist in the streets in this city, in the shape of pieces of wire, bits of old iron, barrel hoops and, worst of all, pieces of glass, broken bottles, scattered on the streets, a menace to every horse and likely to make it a cripple for life.

A. M. BROWN.

where this river is slurringly referred to as the Tombigbee. Now I want to know whether the gentleman calls this the Tombigbee river or the Tombigbee, two names?

"Even the Senate of the United States," replied Zeke with great dignity, "if it were an august body of idiots, would not undertake to change the name of the Tombigbee, because if they did it would change the history of the United States of America; history made by the Tombigbee is identical with the records made by this great republic."

"It is this river that adds glory to this republic. If you were to take it out of the bill there would be no glory left."

So what on earth are you going to do with a fellow who worships a river like that? The next thing you know, Zeke will be referring to this little country of ours as the United States of Tombigbee. And, believe me, he will be perfectly serious.

Representative Kelley of Michigan bought an automobile once, and after



having carefully mastered its intricacies he allowed himself to drive down into the congested business section. He had not been driving the car twenty minutes before he ran into the rear end of a Flivver car.

Immediately a zealous policeman, whose face and manner proclaimed him Irish, ran out from the sidewalk and took charge of the situation. He wanted to arrest Representative Kelley for colliding.

"What is your name?" he demanded fiercely.

"Kelley."

"How do you spell it?"

"K-e-l-l-e-y," answered the Michigan man.

By this time the policeman began to feel that perhaps he had arrested a friend and brother. Irishmen have that feeling for one another, you know.

"What's your first name?"

"Patrick."

And then the policeman raised an admiring face to the congressman and said:

"Patrick Kelley! And why on earth did you let a little runt of a car like that back right into you and spoil your new fender?"

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In the hall of fame there is a niche reserved for Representative Samuel H. Miller of Morer, Pa., who has declared himself satisfied with one term of Congress and trusts that no unthinking constituency will dare to return him to the House again. This statement, made upon the floor of the House, is the second remark I have known him to make during his career. The first was a motion to strike out

the word "hyacinth" from the rivers and harbors appropriation bill. This remarkable motion was made when the House had stumbled its way to the item of \$20,000 for removing the water hyacinth from certain rivers of Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas.

Representative Miller explained his amendment by saying that it was high time the government saved a little money, and that by removing the water from these southern states it would not be necessary to spend a barrel of money on the streams every year.

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# Newspaper Census in the Southeast and Southwest

## Showing What Newspapers Are Read in These Sections of the City

Continuing the analysis of the newspaper census of all papers read in the homes, whether delivered by carriers or bought from newsboys or newsstands and brought into the homes, the following is the situation in the southeast and southwest sections of the city.

Information from different blocks in the northwest and northeast has already been printed, so similar information is given from a dozen blocks in the southeast and southwest sections. Only houses are counted where actual interviews were had, and on some blocks only one side of the street was covered.

### NUMBER OF PAPERS READ IN HOMES INTERVIEWED ON EACH BLOCK

#### Twelve Blocks in the Southeast and Southwest

|   | Homes Interviewed in Which Papers Were Taken | STAR  |        | TIMES |        | POST  |        | HERALD |        |
|---|--|-------|--------|-------|--------|-------|--------|--------|--------|
|   |  | Daily | Sunday | Daily | Sunday | Daily | Sunday | Daily  | Sunday |
| 300 Block South Carolina Avenue S.E.... | 16   | 11    | 9      | 8     | 5      | 2     | 6      | 5      | 2      |
| 500 Block 2d Street S.E.....            | 12   | 10    | 8      | 1     | 1      | 2     | 5      | 1      | 1      |
| 200 Block 8th Street S.E.....           | 16   | 16    | 12     | 4     | 3      | 5     | 8      | 7      | 8      |
| 500 Block 11th St. S.E.....             | 13   | 10    | 7      | 2     | 1      | 0     | 3      | 3      | 2      |
| 700 Block 13th Street S.E.....          | 13   | 12    | 10     | 3     | 2      | 4     | 5      | 3      | 3      |
| 100 Block 4th Street S.E.....           | 12   | 12    | 11     | 2     | 1      | 5     | 6      | 1      | 0      |
| 200 Block 11th Street S.W.....          | 15   | 14    | 14     | 1     | 1      | 2     | 2      | 5      | 5      |
| 400 Block 10th Street S.W.....          | 17   | 15    | 15     | 5     | 2      | 1     | 3      | 8      | 4      |
| 900 Block F Street S.W.....             | 12   | 11    | 9      | 2     | 1      | 1     | 3      | 2      | 5      |
| 400 Block G Street S.W.....             | 17   | 15    | 12     | 3     | 1      | 2     | 7      | 3      | 4      |
| 400 Block Maryland Avenue S.W.....      | 15   | 15    | 13     | 2     | 1      | 3     | 3      | 9      | 8      |
| 400 Block Eye Street S.W.....           | 18   | 16    | 12     | 5     | 5      | 1     | 5      | 5      | 5      |
| Totals .....                            | 176  | 157   | 132    | 38    | 24     | 28    | 56     | 52     | 47     |

Of the 176 homes visited on these 12 blocks scattered throughout the southeast and southwest

157 Read The Evening Star  
38 Read The Evening Times  
28 Read The Morning Post  
52 Read The Morning Herald

The Evening Star has always been the favorite newspaper in the best homes of these sections and is read more extensively than all other daily papers combined.

Of the 165 who read Sunday newspapers in the homes

132 Read The Sunday Star  
56 Read The Sunday Post  
24 Read The Sunday Times  
47 Read The Sunday Herald

From the above figures it appears that in the best homes in these sections The Sunday Star is read more extensively than the other 3 papers combined.